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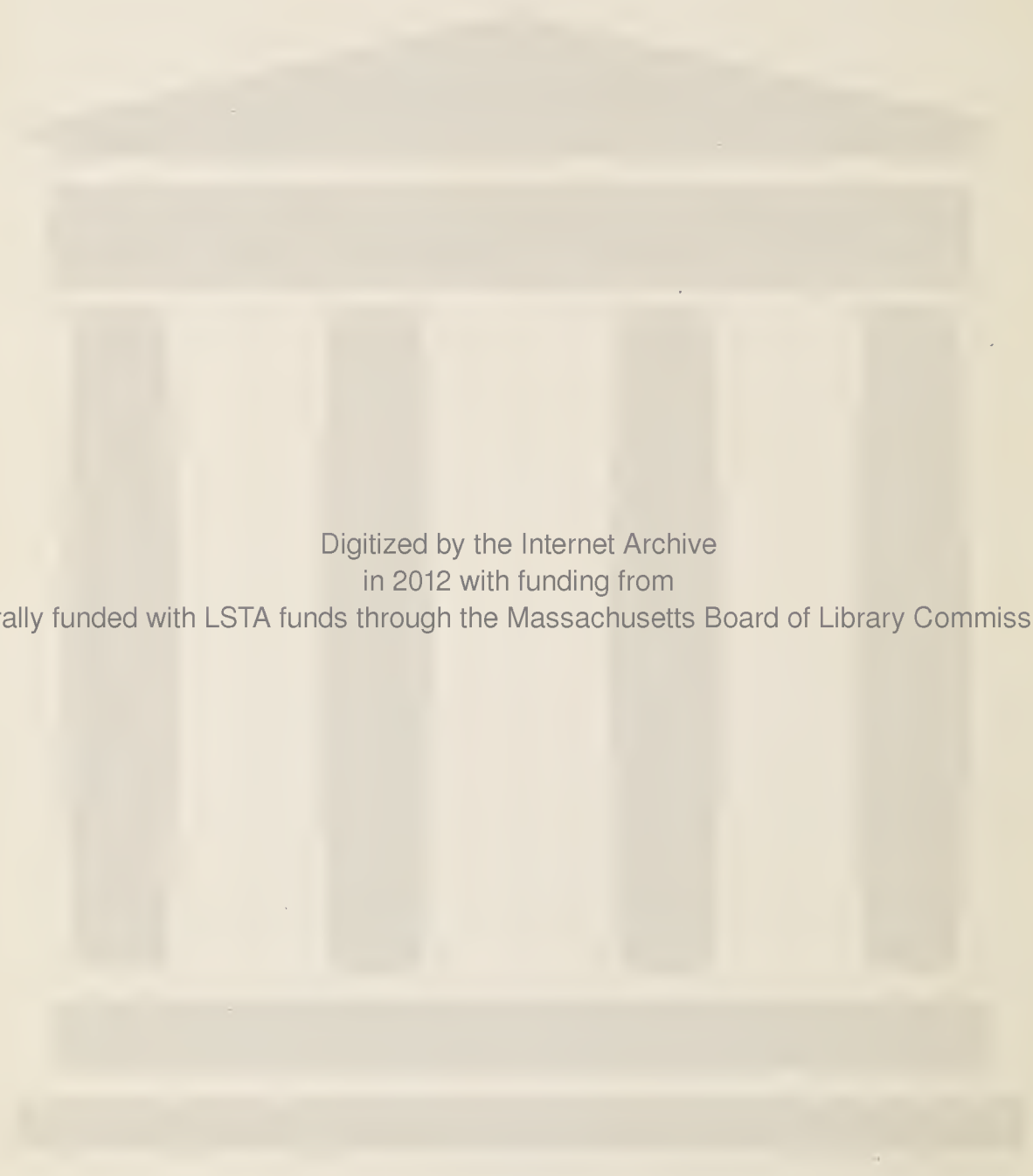

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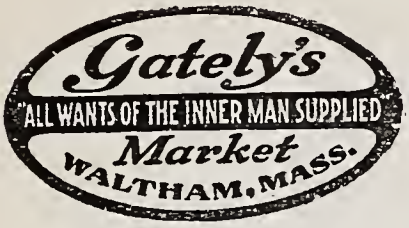

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THE MIRROR

VOL. XVI WALTHAM, MASS., JUNE, 1925 NO. 4

"--to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature"

Hamlet, Act III. Sc. ii.

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CLASS REPORTERS:

1925

Robert Pitcher
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Paul Linthwaite
Ruth Storer
Dorothy Smith
Evelyn Thompson
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1926

William Mairs
Parker Green
Paul Kyte
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Esther Watts
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Marion Childs
Marguerite Phelps

1927

Lois Mansfield
Kenneth McCrae
Everett Golway
Walter Clark
Betty Moore
Betty Wroe
Elizabeth Carr
Thelma Hemlein

ARTHUR READ, *President*

EDITORIAL

FAREWELL

Graduation. What does it mean? We know that the Senior Class is about to graduate, to leave High School, and separate forever, but there is a deeper meaning in the occasion if we delve down to the bottom. Graduation from the derivation means a step. Not a jumping-off place, nor a beginning, as we are inclined to think, but a step. Of course it is a big step, the biggest we have yet taken, a landing-place, as it were, where we may stop to rest a moment and look back upon the steps we have already climbed before we prepare to go on.

Now, as we gaze back down the years, it seems that we have come far, that we are old in worldly wisdom, and have suffered much. We reflect, at sight of those stairs, upon the way in which we have ascended them. Some have stumbled on, groaning as they looked at the hard tasks ahead of them; others have gone with leaps and bounds, taking cheerfully every opportunity offered; still others have simply been carried along by the crowd. Here are the teachers who have guided us and helped us over the rough places. They are about to return to lead others to the place that we have reached. There, too, are the Juniors, and below them the Sophomores, and the entering class who are to take our places in the work of the school. We pause a moment to thank the teachers for their assistance and to wish our successors the best of luck before we turn to the future.

There, we see not one stairway but many branching off from the platform upon which we are standing, for we are now to go different ways. In this direction everything is dim and indistinct. Just above we can distinguish the Alumni, whom we shall soon join. What is beyond we can only imagine; but to our excited eyes all is bright; for we have great hopes and dreams. We do not now know what we shall do. We all vaguely resolve, as we say farewell to the past and welcome to the future to do something big and splendid. Whatever we do, be it great or small, wherever we go, may our deeds be "ever in the great Taskmaster's eye."

We shall miss at graduation one who has ever been an important part of our class, our best student, Ture Lundell. At the end of the Sophomore year, having lived in America and having spoken our tongue for only four years, he had done so well in English that he was appointed Assistant Editor of the Mirror. In the Junior year he received the Woman's Club prize for the best article other than a story printed in the school magazine for the year. Last fall, of course, he became Editor-in-Chief, but was able to edit only one issue, in which, however, were cartoons and cover design drawn by him, before he was overtaken by scarlet fever. It was at this time, also, that he was working with the Senior Play Committee, of which he was Chairman. Since that time we have constantly hoped to see him back among us, but he became so weakened by his illness that he has had to go away to recuperate. We know that on graduation night everyone will have a prayer for the recovery of the classmate who sacrificed his health to the service of his class and of his school.

We wish to apologize for a typographical error in the last issue. The correct form should have been: **Thoughts** by Emily County and **Just Like a Boy** by Pearl Neal.

MARGARET M. CURRY, *Vice-President*

RUTH STORER, *Class Historian*

Class History

Ruth Storer

In the corner of a spacious library in a magnificent old building rests a dusty old volume, unread and unsought—yet containing on its yellowed pages, incidents both trivial and momentous, commonplace, indeed it may seem to a casual reader—but to the Waltham High School graduates of 1925 this dusty little book represents a collection of cherished memories—pleasant recollections of their high school days. This history I shall read to you. I am sure that the majority will be delighted to listen to this echo of school days more than fifty years past. This is what I found between the aged covers of that beloved volume! —

"Can it be possible that three years have passed since we first graduated from that worldly institute of learning called Junior High and embarked on the good ship "Sophomore" to search for the isle of knowledge in the academic sea? 'Tis true, however. Our journey is nearly completed, we are now learned Seniors; and soon we will pass from our dear High School and enter upon the great sea of life. Some of us will pursue learning in higher institutions; others will join the ranks of toilers who are seeking practical experience. To refreshen the minds of those who may have forgotten the yearly events I will endeavor to picture for you the three years as I have remembered them. Of course everyone recalls the first exciting, puzzling, day when we were christened "green sophomores" by the groups of carefree and laughing upper class mates who actually appeared to make merry with our much-to-be-feared instructors. We were just groups of stumbling "dumb"-looking children, much too insignificant to be noticed by our noble elders. However, we did not expect to be treated differently, we were wise enough to realize that it meant a whole year of careful study of human nature to emulate that appearance of superiority. When the first bell rang, we discovered that by following the crowd without making any noise and by keeping humbly in the rear, we would arrive at the assembly hall where we had to take a back seat until we were distributed. Perhaps we would arrive nearer to the front as the years rolled by. It was great fun studying the funny looking freizes around the ceiling and admiring the tall white statues. Finally we were allotted room numbers and with a few vague directions in our minds departed from the hall in search of a parking place. Those of us who chatted and made merry in the long, door-bounded corridors were promptly squelched, thereby receiving our first lesson in school etiquette. Oh! there were so many rules to learn and sometimes to forget. The first day, in spite of its newness, passed slowly, and without the mad stampede at lunch time to which we had been accustomed. Instead we sipped milk and partook of calories in pursuit of good health. Does anyone remember that second day when the rains descended and class ranking was abandoned while lucky Sophomores with rain sticks were allowed to shelter the less fortunate Seniors?

We were soon accustomed to the routine of high school life, and it was not long before we became wise to the tricks and turns of a sage student. We also became familiar with the recess boundaries, to be or not to be, respected according to disposition.

Cool autumn breezes and the spirit of our sport loving youths heralded the arrival of one of our most successful football seasons. Our boys sailed through a series of victories with only one set-back, that being Fitchburg 7-6. The score tells the tale. The fact that we had won so many games keyed the whole city up to a high pitch for the annual Newton contest. Two gay bands added much to the enthusiasm of the gathering and our cheer leaders outdid themselves. For once in the history of the high school football the boys condescended to assist the girls in their cheers. All this and the brilliant generalship of our star, "Lonnie" Lowry helped to defeat our bitter rivals. No one who witnessed that struggle will ever forget the run our "Lonnie" made in the third quarter, much to the chagrin of the Newton boys. The disappearance of any semblance of orange and black after the

game did not disturb Waltham's enthusiasm and we came home excited and tired, but glad all over.

With the cold weather we settled down to a life of routine and hard studying. Many of us took our assignments seriously and many did not, as our first report cards showed. After the Christmas vacation we were introduced into the intricacies of holding a class meeting. Curiosity being the main reason for a large attendance, Mr. Goodrich patiently presided and helped us to organize with the following officers elected:

President, Arthur Read: Vice-President, Helen Hardy: Sec.-Treas., Emily County: Auditor, Edwin Rowell: Athletic Rep., Walter Brinn: Alternative, Edwin Moran: Library Rep., Philip Warren, Evelyn Goodale.

Later in the year the death of one of our sunniest members, Jennie Douglas, occurred. Her loss was indeed a shock as she had been most active in school life and was greatly beloved by everyone.

The North Junior High School gymnasium was utilized for our basket-ball games and both boys and girls staged their contests there.

By this time we were all keen to attend our first class social so a meeting was held to discuss it, and Edwin Moran was chosen as chairman. Even tho the traditional line up of boys and girls was staged at the first of the evening, the ice was soon broken by the appearance of Mr. Burke—and then the fun began. We were entertained by Clarissa Nordykes and Catherine Bigham, two talented members of our class. It was a revelation to some of us to see our supposedly dignified teachers enter into the spirit of the games and dances. The gay festivities came to a close much too early for at ten o'clock a vote of thanks was given to Eddie for his successful party.

We now turn our attention to baseball. Although the luck didn't seem to come our way in the scores, Capt. Kelley and his team played steadily and hard. With baseball and spring and the feeling of wanderlust in our systems, the final months of school seemed to drag. At last, after much cleaning and scrubbing of desks and books, and lingering farewells, we were set free.

How strange it is that our summer months of leisure seem to fly by and here we are back again prisoners of learning but in a fresher atmosphere, where we seem to have acquired a sense of ownership and a feeling of freedom about the old school!—We hardly notice the poor things who enter as we did a year ago and we mingle intimately with the Seniors and teachers as did our predecessors.

Football came in with a rush of Red & White and glorious anticipations. The games were well attended and although we were unlucky in the contests with Haverhill and Newton, our spirit was unbroken and the team had our enthusiastic backing, as ever. The Newton game was surely a wet affair but the loyal students turned out one hundred per cent to encourage the battle of pigskin, beef, and mud.

As Juniors we were confronted with such serious problems as the selection of class colors, a motto and new officers. Arthur Read was re-elected President and Margaret Curry became Vice-President. Emily County Treas. and Sec. Edward Collins, Auditor, Edwin Moran, Athletic Representative and Walter Brinn, Athletic Alternate were also chosen.

Our Class motto, Honesta Quam Splendide (Honesty rather than splendor) was voted upon as being a suitable sentiment, representative of the class. American Beauty and Grey were chosen as our class colors.

The business of the class having been disposed of we devoted our surplus energy to basket-ball and indoor sports to while away the dull winter months. Of course our studies received some little attention but I dare say, we did not burden ourselves with many more books than we did in our first year. We also had our little troubles. We just couldn't seem to reconcile Miss Rigby to the fact that envelopes **did** sell for $4.35 each. And it was almost impossible to make her believe that there were two Johnsons in the class who habitually chewed gum. We girls discovered during this year that Room 14 was a much to be desired room to hold forth in, during our Senior year.

Basket-ball became more of an event during our Junior year and the North

Junior High School gymnasium became a place of excitement. The girls' leagues made a good showing although we were beaten by our snappy Senior Sisters, we did not succumb without a hard struggle.

On one memorable Friday morning we were treated to a stereopticon lecture by Mr. Burke. His pictures of Europe were accompanied by his smooth flow of talk interesting and humorous, and made this little entertainment a very welcome diversion from the regular routine of morning periods.

Once more came spring with its dreamy days; long sunny hours, when we would arrive at school in the morning with the green, dew-laden grass and foliage beaming temptation at us.

Then we would sit through a sleepy study period with the windows open listening to the birds singing, the hum of the machines from the building in the rear, an occasional shout from the street beyond, and the ever present chatter of those reciting before us. Oh! but it was hard not to depart swiftly via the open window. We would nod and stare vacantly at our open books until the jarring clang of the period bell would bring us back to earth.

Our Junior social once planned for, never materialized for the death of Mr. Drake the principal of the North Junior High School, occurred on the date set for our affair. His passing came as a blow to us all and, young as we were, we could not but realize and feel deeply the loss of one who had always been a kindly advisor and leader of young people. It was not long afterwards that the mysterious hand of God took from us one who lives now in our hearts, Mr. Eaton, our principal. He left us suddenly after a lingering illness, which few of us were aware of. His kindly spirit and loyal friendliness had won for him the love of all his students. Our feelings at this time are best described by a Mirror editorial, which read as follows:—

"Willis L. Eaton has gone to rest. The love and respect of every one of us go with him. Through every moment of his life with us there shone a light of kindliness, of uprighteousness, and of scrupulous regard for the interests of those in his care. Even while suffering the most cruel pain his mind was actuated with that same purpose of dealing justly and wisely with everyone—. He had faith in Waltham High School; and as a result everyone of us had faith in him. He is gone but his work goes on. It is up to us to keep the school true to the high standard which he has set for us. We have not merely lost our principal; but we have lost Pa."

The year was drawing to a close and there was much work to be done.

Mr. Burke, ever amiable, willing and a hard worker, succeeded Mr. Eaton and with the interest of the students foremost in his mind and a feeling of friendship for his pupils, he started on his journey as captain of the ship.

The season of bat, ball and glove was on again and much interest was shown by the student body during this very successful period under the leadership of Capt. Bevan Howe. The defeat of our worthy opponents from Newton was the crowning glory of the season and made a very pleasant conclusion of the spring sport.

Now came our event the Juniors' own Prom, which we had regarded so enviously the previous year. Charles Cahill and a very efficient committee transformed the Riverside Club into a beautiful ball room of rose and grey, with the class banners very much in evidence. I think we all must have gone to bed the evening before excited and brimful of rosy expectations about our blossoming out party. The evening opened with a modest but cordial welcome of the Seniors by Arthur Read, President. Robert Ward responded with a few hearty words of appreciation. Helen Sundquist then read the Senior class History, recalling many familiar events, after which Bevan Howe, Prophet, entertained us all with his side splitting vision of the future lives of our upper class mates. Woe be to anyone who took this prophecy seriously, though all were jokingly "knocked." The rest of the evening was spent in dancing away those few precious hours, while many a gallant Romeo lost his heart to some resplendent Juliet. It was a part of our life long to be remembered and "hashed over," as we girls would say.

The last month was a busy one for the Seniors. We Juniors looked on not with sighs of regret, but more with a mixed feeling of sorrow and happiness. Happy

to be left behind to become the most important class in high school and yet with a sense of sorrow for those who were to leave us. The last day of school and another rest to be forced upon us.

With sighs of regret we relinquished our beloved Books and loitered about the building, prone to leave it. But Lo! much confusion, much smoke and flames! The fire teams were called and a crowd collected merely to observe the rites accompanying the burning of the tackling dummy. A boyish prank yet a stunt to look back upon with a twinkle in one's eyes, for indeed, hasn't memory a sense of humor?

At last, we came back one day, Seniors not only in title but in manner. High School was at last ours to do with it as we would. The first day no longer meant a mysterious ordeal to face; we were familiar old cronies of that beloved building of brick, with its stairs and halls and rooms, and those goodly sentinels, called teachers, who stood in the open doorways between periods. Here it is fitting to remark that the incoming Sophies impressed us as being, as a whole, most distressingly infantile. What is this school coming to?

This feeling of boredom, forced though it were, left us when came the exhilaration of our annual foot-ball season. Many of our boys were on the team this year and our noble captain and president, Arthur, had every reason to feel "chesty" over his band of snappy men. Rah's ferocious attacking powers necessitated the purchase of three extra dummies and on the whole it was a very good season, well attended; and as ever the team had the spirited backing of the school and city. We are proud of our boys.

We elected our officers this year at a well attended and orderly meeting, having felt the full importance of conducting our class business in a very parliamentary manner. Margaret presided in the absence of Artsie, who was elected for the third successive time as President. Margaret Curry was unanimously re-elected Vice-President. Philip Warren received the most votes for Secretary and Treasurer, and Walter Pierce became auditor. In choosing Catherine Bigham as Athletic Representative we broke a long honored custom but we felt perfectly justified in making the change. You all know what "Catty" has accomplished during her three years and how well she has served as one of our lively little cheer-leaders.

Our second big social event, "The Senior Dance," came almost before we realized it. Once more Chas. Cahill appeared in the role of chairman and with his well chosen committee completed all the details of the affair. On December 19th, a large gathering of Waltham's gay young Lotharios and ladies congregated at Nuttings' to participate in the festivities of a very pretty dance party. Streams of American beauty and grey flung out their attractive lengths from the softly shaded lights, and the large white hall with its shining expanse of floor, its gaily festooned walls, filled with pastels and conservative blues, made a very charming picture. The music was perfect and as the papers say, "A good time was had by all." We had to sell candy weeks afterwards to make up the deficit but otherwise the Senior Dance was a distinct social success.

As cold weather approached the sport enthusiasts were overjoyed at the prospect of having a skating rink on the Smith lot. The plan was realized and we enjoyed many a gym period on the ice. Many of us became skating artists, and those of us who fell, did not. A snappy hockey team composed of boys held forth there until dusk on the fair cold days. Basketball was also holding its own in both the North and South Junior gymnasiums and our boys' team played some fairly successful games in spite of the disability of their Captain, Walter Brinn. The girls also had their leagues and we Seniors, being Seniors, defeated the less experienced Juniors in the final contest.

We also added another triumph to our season by defeating the Alumni five at a game held at the North Junior High School.

Miss Curran, our librarian, greatly surprised us by tendering her resignation. Her absence in the little room of books, of quiet pleasure and study, caused a feeling of genuine sorrow to come over those of us who had been familiar with her happy disposition. We tried to show in a small way our appreciation of her

helpful presence in the library by presenting her with an aquamarine ring. Miss Curran responded in her sweet manner and she left the school with hosts of friends behind. About this time Miss Hall took a much deserved rest and departed for Arizona for a real good time. She left with our very best wishes.

We had two very welcome speakers at different mornings at assembly, one a woman from Amherst College, who recounted some very interesting incidents of agricultural life. She visualized for us a life very different from what we would imagine as being associated with a farming career. Modernism in farming methods has done much to make such a career a very appealing study. The other speaker was Mr. Whitehead from Boston University, who discussed the principles of business. His talk was amusing and beneficial.

With much suppressed excitement the leading event of our school life, next to graduation, was being planned for by Ture Lundell and his committee. "Under Cover" was chosen for the Senior Play and with Miss Chapman as coach we progressed through the preliminaries of the try-outs, and the lucky chosen few commenced rehearsals. The drawing room during these next few weeks was a place of paint, commotion and posters, complete and incomplete. However, Miss Burgess' pupils turned out a number of clever posters depicting scenes suggestive of mystery and melodrama. On the famous nights March 20th and 21st, the South Junior High School was filled to its capacity, while the absolutely faultless cast enacted a production of finished calibre before a very appreciative audience. Owing to fire regulations we were obliged to stage the play without scenery and without a curtain, but in spite of this handicap the Senior Play reflected much glory on the cast and coach.

With the coming of baseball we began to realize that our high school life was nearing completion. The boys also formed a golf team, and were recognized by the Athletic Association.

It seems now as though existence at the school were taking on a new aspect. Along with preparation for our last class social, anticipation of our reception by the Juniors, and plans for Graduation Day in the hazy future, came class pictures. Several samples were submitted from photographers and it was finally decided to give the order to the Arlington Studio. As the proofs came to school each day, we enjoyed many a laugh of delight. Many were the exchanges and now we all have a choice collection of our school acquaintances.

Our last social was a distinct success. It was held on April 17th with Gerald Evans in charge of arrangements. The entertainment was most professional. The vaudeville acts certainly made a better hit than many of the performances we have listened to on those many Mondays at the Waldorf. The social progressed smoothly enough except when Mr. Burke, in an endeavor to find a seat, fell gently into the lap of some poor unfortunate. No fatality resulted, however. Will you ever forget the attempts at feline impersonation, especially Miss Clements?

The end of our journey is near at hand. Three years have gone by swiftly enough, yet much has happened. The waters have been a bit rough at times with stormy days of turmoil, and our ship has wandered from its course into dangerous waters, however outstanding in our minds, are the days of sunshine and smooth sailing under blue skies. Now we are boy and girl graduates to be or not to be. We have all changed during these few years. Where we were, on entering Waltham High School, curious, inexperienced, and carefree, we are now

about to leave with our minds enlargened, a wiser twinkle in our eyes, and best of all, with our hearts full of loving memories and happy thoughts of friendship.

Finis

An old, old book is closed and replaced in its corner on the shelf, there to remain silent and unobtrusive, to become more yellow and antiquated. But as we grow older we will learn to love and cherish the antique, for it is that which becomes more valuable with age.

Now dear friends, my history is complete but let me add these lines;—

Enjoy the Present; it is yours to make the best of.

Plan for the future, may your accomplishments never cease.

Think once in a while of the past; and may you be proud of what you have made it.

Class Will

William Bailey, 1925

We, the Class of 1925, being in our right state of mind, and of our own volition, do hereby declare this to be our last Will and Testament: —

Preamble

Whereas, we, the Class of 1925, being about to depart from this noble edifice, in our entirety, forever, and

Whereas, we can no longer take an active part in school affairs, it becomes our sacred duty to impress upon our youthful successors and the "untried fledgelings" just about to enter, the solemn responsibilities which now devolve upon them;

Namely, faithfully to promulgate the lofty character and high ideals of our Alma Mater; constantly to be striving to place our school upon a higher pedestal in the eyes of the mundane world; to give of your best, but never, for lack of ambition, pull our reputation down to a lower level. May it ever be onward and upward.

Then in addition to the above-mentioned responsibilities, we will to our successors our privileges. To wit:

To occupy the seats of honor in front of the rostrum in our common place of assembly. And by this position, in such close proximity to the speaker, you may the more clearly hear the choice bits of wisdom which may fall from his lips, from time to time.

Proviso: Inasmuch as our immediate successors (to wit, the Junior Class) will most succeed to our privileges, it becomes our special duty to warn them of the pitfalls on the narrow path of Seniors.

Always regulate your conduct and general deportment in such a manner as to do credit to the name of the graduating class of the Waltham High School.

To you, there falls the special privilege of listening to the admonitions and advice of Mr. Ward, master of Room 14. Take his words to heart, cherish them and end your erring ways forthwith.

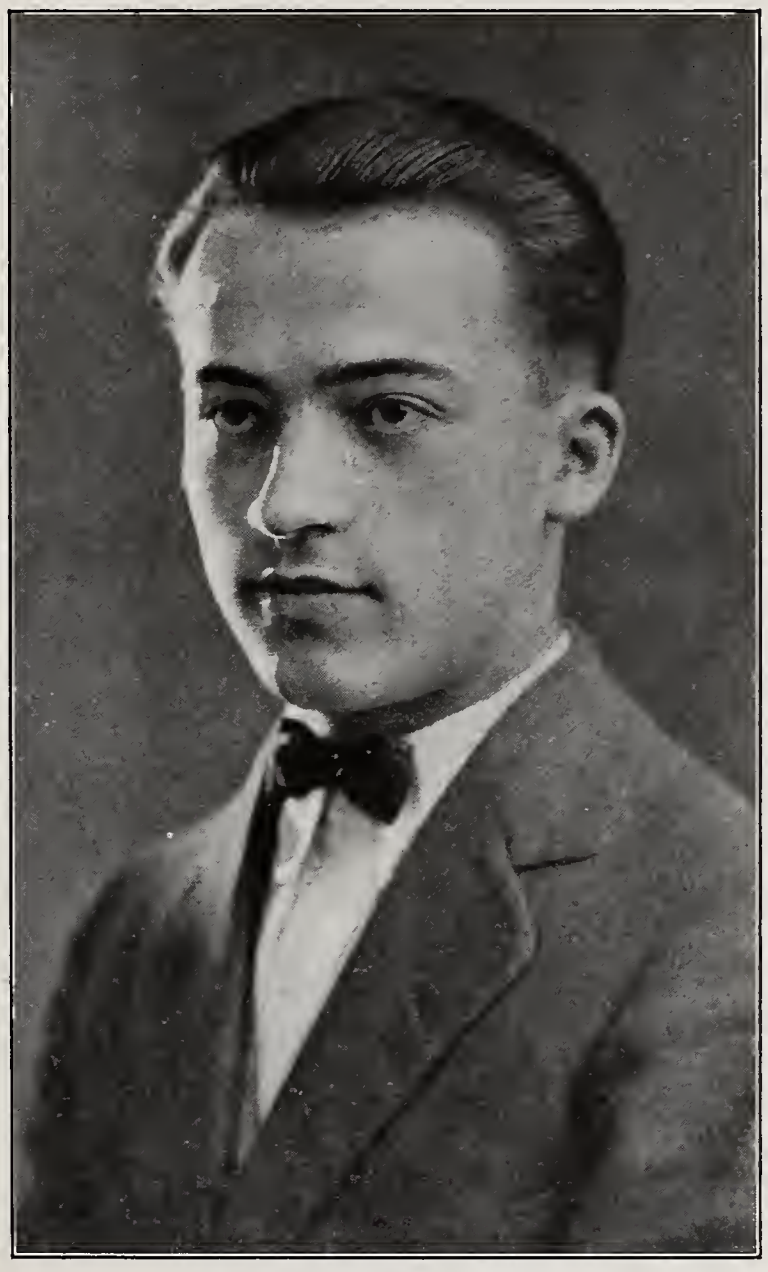
Never, in a spirit of levity, criticise your instructors. It is a bad example to your younger school-mates.

Lastly, remember the end of the year is not as far distant as it seems in September and hours foolishly spent in the cool days of fall will be repented in the hot days of spring.

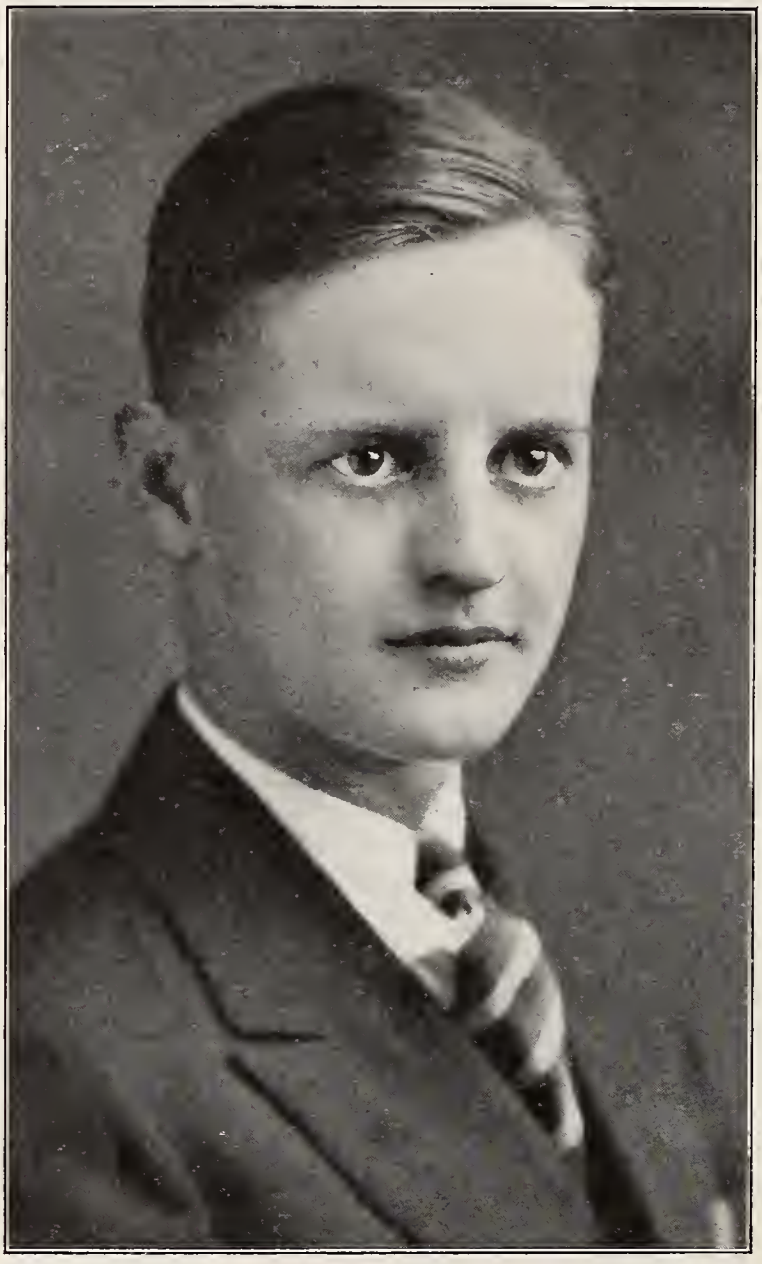
To this, our last Will and Testament, revoking all others previously made by us, we have caused our name and seal to be affixed.

Signed: The Class of 1925.

(Seal).



PHILIP WARREN, *Secretary*



WALTER B. PIERCE. *Auditor*

Graduation Day

Dorothy I Smith, 1925

Our graduation day has come; farewells will soon be o'er,
And dearest friends will scattered be—from shore to distant shore.
The month arrived—the week fast comes, the day will soon be here,
And when we think—and dream—of all it means, 'twill bring a tear
Of sorrow: for the friend we leave—the deed we would have done
But could not; joy: for love that will not die with setting sun.
We dream—and shape the future as we will, and hope 'twill hold
As many riches—crowns of Love and Fame—as we would mold
For it.—One would that she might paint with brush and colors gay
Upon Life's canvas smooth, the joys of endless dance and play.
Another would by ceaseless toil rise to a higher grade
In Life. But Love may claim whome'er she will—change plans we've made.
We plan on. 'Tis the way of youth on graduation day.
We gaily ope the gates of Life and pass the portals gray—
Which each year watch the light of heart, who sing as they go past.
"God bless you, keep you, shine on you—and sing ye to the last,"
They bless us as we pass—and hope that we shall face
That which Fate deals to us—'tho great, 'tho small—with all good grace.
Our graduation day is here, and lessons we have learned—
Some from our books—some thru Life's tests have in our souls been burned.
'Tho we grow rich or poor, we have what none can take away:
The learning which we gained before our graduation day.
And now we say to you, Adieu. This is our final greeting:
Faith, Hope, and Love lead one and all till Heav'n's endless meeting!

Reflections of the Mirror for the Class of 1925

The Most Popular Boy—Arthur Read
The Most Popular Girl—Margaret Curry
The Best Boy Athlete—Walter Brinn
The Best Girl Athlete—Catherine Bigham
The Best Dressed Boy—Walter Brinn
The Best Dressed Girl—Helen Wilbur
The Best Looking Boy—George Lally
The Best Looking Girl—Margaret Curry
The Most Useful Member—Philip Warren
The Class Humorist—Joseph O'Dea
The Best Student—Ture Lundell
The Most College Member—George Marshall
The Best Natured Member—Margaret Burns
The Most Accommodating Member—Charles Cahill
The Shyest Member—Walter Tracy
The Laziest Member—Irving Lohnes

GERALD EVANS *Class Prophet*

Class Prophecy, 1925

Gerald A. Evans

It all happened during the summer of 1945. Even now I do not know whether it was a dream or a reality; nevertheless, the facts are here to relate.

For three months a great drought had held the country in its grasp. All green plant life was parched and dry, streams were dried up, and even life itself was becoming almost unbearable. The newspapers had stated that the cause of this disaster was the intrusion of a new planet into our universe. But what could a star have to do with a drought?

As I sat in a little cabin on a small island off the coast of California, where I was spending a measly two weeks vacation, I listened on my radio and pondered, wishing for things I could not have, wondering what to do and in fact, being generally dissatisfied with everything. In the midst of these thoughts the faint odor of baked beans came drifting to me over the radio accompanied with the legend "This is the friendly voice Boston." As if started by a gun shot my memory began to climb back down the ladder of the past. I snatched up an old copy of the Mirror, our high school paper, that I had brought along with me, and, as I read through its pages, the picture came into my mind of our graduation from high school and how I longed to see my old companions and classmates again.

Lost in these reflections I seemed to be back again in my youth when—suddenly there was a loud snap, a wind blew across my face, I heard a throbbing hum like that of a huge turbine, and felt a sensation of great suspense. Then there was a slight jolt. At last I mustered enough courage to open my eyes. I looked and saw not the seething couldron of a burning sky with its mirrored reflection in the sea beneath, but fields of golden and blue flowers covered with the sapphire canopy of a cloudless sky.

Where was I? Was this all a dream? What had happened? Then on looking about me to find someone to answer my questions, I discovered that there was not a soul in sight. The cabin, no longer on an island, seemed to be resting in the center of a beautiful valley surrounded by high snow capped mountains. On looking closer about me I discovered a glistening white road leading through the fields of flowers straight for a pass in the mountains.

As the road undoubtedly led somewhere, I started to walk along it; but the further I walked the more distant the mountains seemed to be. After continuing sometime I stopped to rest under a large, shady tree. While sitting there I heard a noise: a tiny hum like that of a mosquito, at first, which steadily grew in intensity to that of a bee. I looked about and in the sky over the mountains I saw a small black speck that grew larger as it approached with incredible speed.

Larger and larger it grew, gradually assuming the shape of a bird. Soon it was nearly overhead and I decided that it was some sort of an aeroplane. Rushing out into a neighboring field I jumped up and down, waved my arms wildly, and shouted at the top of my voice, hoping to attract the attention of whoever might be in it.

It paused for a moment, circled a few times, tilted downward, and slid silently down to a resting place on the ground a few feet away. A goggled and hooded figure hopped out and came towards me. At first fear gripped me, but as soon as he removed the goggles and helmet, curiosity and doubt took hold of me. Surely it could not be, yet it looked like him, and when he spoke I knew it was Bob Pitcher.

I showered him with questions. Where am I? How did I get here? How did you get here? Who lives here? Instead of answering he told me to get into the plane with him and he would take me to the Capitol. As we flew over the fields and mountains he related his story.

I was in another world called Olympia. The Olympians were a thousand years ahead of the people on Earth. They had made many new scientific discoveries and had put them into use. It was

SENIOR PLA

y CAST

while experimenting with the rotating of the F. dimension, or something like that, that the Olympians had caused the whole class of 1925 (excepting myself) which had been at that very moment holding a reunion on Prospect Hill, to leave Earth and fall on Olympia. As the experiment could not be reversed, my class mates had been obliged to remain. The Olympians had received them into their society, taught them new things, and helped them found a colony. I had arrived on this new world by a repetition of this same experiment. When I asked Bob how they had been able to converse with the Olympians, he said that no language was necessary because the Olympians carried on all communication by transmission of thought.

On looking over the side of the plane, I saw that we were approaching a huge city of white, well-matched buildings, situated by the side of a large lake. On the outskirts of the city was a great field, surrounded by enormous barn-like structures, and dotted here and there with aeroplanes. Evidently we were to land there, for Bob turned off the motor and the great bird glided downward. We struck the ground with a slight bump and rolled swiftly past a huge bulk to which my companion threw a rope. As the plane came to a sudden stop, the bulk disentangled itself from the rope and came towards us. It was Eric Isaacson. He told me that as the planes were not built large enough to occommodate him comfortably, he was employed as landing ballast. Bob then excused himself and hurried away as he said that he had an appointment with Phil Dubin, who was selling gold bricks for building purposes.

I started to walk towards the city alone, but I had not gone far before a small, ramshackle automobile, whose rightful place was in a museum, drew up beside me. In the front seat I recognized "Mike" Marshall and Squeak Pierce. After shaking hands heartily they told me that having just bought the car from Rudden and Kearsley, promising dealers in worn-out automobiles, they had gone on a fishing trip.

Although they had not caught any fish, they said that they had picked one up on the road. Sure enough—there was Bud Donahue in the back seat. I jumped in and we started for town. With Marshall pushing the car up hill and Pierce chasing it down hill, we made pretty good time.

We entered the city and stopped before a huge white building. Donahue told me that it was the court of justice, and invited me to go in with him as he was a witness in the case being tried. I entered and took a seat near the door. Alton March was pleading in a loud voice for the culprit, Irving Lohnes; but words seemed to have no effect on the stern-faced judge, whom I recognized as Carl Mullen.

It seems that Irve, while sipping tea with Nigel Pattershall in the Parrot Tearoom, which was run by Bertha Pollay and Doris Dickey, had been seized by a fit of jealous rage because Nigel had beaten him at a game of checkers. In his wrath Lohnes had thrown a sugar bowl at Nigel, but had missed and had hit Elma Davis, a waitress, on the head. Bertha was suing Irve for breaking the sugar bowl.

The jury, headed by Roy Petrie, was about to deliver its verdict when I was aroused by cries "fire" out in the street. I rushed from the building and looking over head saw the aerial fire department winging its way to a house a few blocks away, from which belched clouds of smoke. Even before the plane had half landed in the street an excited individual, whom I recognized as Paul Linthwaite jumped out and rushed into the building. I reached the place just in time to hear Paul say disgustedly, "False alarm!" It was only Honus Hicks and Dick Sutton enjoying their after-dinner pipe. I walked up to Paul as he started back for the plane. He informed me that after following his natural inclination, fires, for several years, he had finally been appointed Chief of the Bull Durham fire department. His friends had generously presented him with a handsome pair of red flannel Ear Muffs. He had sworn in Fred Nies and Walter Brown as Deputy Chiefs; but as Fred was having his hair marcelled at Bernice Glycart's Beauty Parlor, and as Brownie had sprained his back trying to lift one of Bernard Wolf's shoes, he had been obliged to fight fires alone for the time being.

As I turned around to return from the fire, I bumped into Beatrice Annis and Peg Burns who were carrying roller skates and had parachutes strapped to their backs. They were going for an earoplane ride with Joe O'Dea and Charlie Cahill and weren't taking any chances of walking home.

Having nothing else to do I set out to see the city. I came to a huge edifice, which, on entering, I found to be the public library. At the main desk the librarian, who was none other than Dorothy Murphy, warned me that unless I kept silent the attendant would put me out. I discovered the attendant to be Phil Baine; he was partly hidden under a pile of books and explained that he was looking for book-worms to go fishing with. At an adjoining table sat Lillian Grieg, who seemed to be studying. She informed me that she had settled down and was taking a course in home-cooking from the Charles Mann correspondence school.

Leaving the Library I came to a tall dome-shaped building surrounded with towers and a maze of wires. Whom should I meet there but Phil Warren. He told me that I was in the municipal radio station and as he had plenty of spare time, being chief operator, he would show me around. First we entered the studio where Cliff Orr was entertaining the widely spread population with weird strains from Soup, played with variations on an electric piano. The violin obbligato was by Clarence Wheeler while Kingman Smith sang "On his big base-viol." The next feature was George Newton Hatfield who had formed a Big Brother Club in Olympia. His secretary Helen Chandler had been swamped with mail all day so her assistant Clara Bagley read the list of new members which included such familiar names as Thorning Hardy, Olive Jaynes, Edith Edgcomb, and Francis McNamara. Newt. then announced that he would read a chapter from the life of Dorman Hayes, the Daniel Webster of Olympia.

We then visited the transmitting room where Newell Havener and Garfield Anderson were engaged in repairing a transmitter which had been broken a few days before when Dorothy Smith, a prominent woman dentist, had attempted to give a lecture on "extracting teeth from the mouth of a river."

After leaving the radio station, as I walked along the main street, I was startled, however, by a voice crying "Junk." I turned and recognized the owner of the voice as Eddie Collins. He informed me that he had gone into the junking business because it was picking up.

I continued on my way, soon coming to a massive structure. I went in and found that I had entered the federal building, the seat of the government in Olympia. On the first floor, near the entrance, I saw a charming young lady masticating chicle rapidly and seated behind a desk marked "Information." I walked over to her and found that it was none other than Louise McCullough. She was delighted to see me again, and, as I remembered that she always had a great deal to talk about, I stopped to chat for a while. I learned from her that practically all the governing in the city was done by women. Being somewhat upset by this statement, I asked her the reason for this rapid rise of the feminine sex to power. Her reply was that they had lost all faith in masculine officials when Orrin Winn, the last mayor, had granted Milton Stinehour a permit to keep pigs within the city limits. She further informed me that on the top floor I could find the offices of the mayoress and her assistants.

I immediately jumped into an elevator run by Ruth Mace who said that she didn't see why people needed to go up in elevators anyhow when they only had to come back down again. Nevertheless I was whisked up to the top floor where I found an office boy asleep at his desk with a big burlap bag tied over his head. I aroused him from his slumbers by banging on the desk. When the bag was removed I discovered that he was Saro Campesi. When I asked him what the bag was for, he pointed over his shoulder and said that it was the only way he could get any rest with "those two" chattering all the time. I looked in the direction of the "two" and saw Elta O'Brien and Stacia Valely, two more or less busy stenographers, engaged in arguing whether O'Brien was a name of Celtic or Gallic origin.

Instead of staying to hear the argument I was ushered by Saro into a spacious office where I was pleasantly surprised by finding Ruth James, the mayoress-elect, dictating her official announcement to Bill Bailey, her private secretary. They were exceedingly glad to see me and Bill made me promise to attend a performance at George Morris' theatre later in the day. I promised him that I would and then went away to look around a bit.

In an adjoining office I found Doris Johnson, the Commissioner of Police. While I was visiting her Leslie Talbot, a husky police woman, dragged in a culprit whom I recognized as Rollin Fernald. She reported that he was a baker, and that she had caught him in the act of stealing currants from the battery of Dorothy Delesdernier's automobile. Doris warned the prisoner to pick his currants from the ocean the next time he had need of them, and then discharged him. I then bade them good-day and continued on my tour of the building.

After walking down a flight of stairs I came to the state research laboratory. I entered and found Donald Pattershall and Herbert Johnson bossing around a couple of millions of atoms. Herb. was making a molecule roll over while Don had a line of atoms dancing in ballet formation. After watching them for awhile I went along. At a bench not far away Esther Kimball was experimenting with various liquids and solids. She told me that she had succeeded in inventing a synthetic sugar with only one fault—it wasn't sweet. I suppose that didn't matter as long as it was sugar.

As I decided that I had seen enough of this building, I returned to the street and noticed over a large building the sign "Mac Cleaves and Hodgson, Scientific Boxers." I went over expecting to enter a gymnasium, but found that the former pugilists were conducting an undertaking establishment.

Further down the street after stopping at the Clifton and Cataldo one-arm lunch for a sandwich, I came to the office of the Olympian Star, a newspaper edited by Ture Lundell. As I entered, Ture grasped my hand and asked me to sit down and visit for awhile. I seated myself and watched the confusion going on about me.

Helen Wilbur and Louise Wayland, star reporters, were so busy punching the keys of their typewriters that they didn't notice that there wasn't any paper in the machines. Doris Thompson, the assistant editor, rushed about, gathered up a copy, and sent it into the press room. Across the room I noticed Walter Johnsen, the sporting editor, busily engaged in pounding out an account of an exciting base-ball game, in which Ray Tierney's hustling bunch of "Bull Throwers" had defeated Al Contant's crafty "Cow Catcher's" for the championship prize of Olympia, a folding rubber row boat, generously offered by Dennis Cronin, a second Judge Landis. Soon a grimy individual covered with printers ink, whom I recognized as Clarence Isaacson, brought in a copy of the latest edition.

The first page seemed to have much to do with my unexpected arrival in Olympia. As that did not interest me, I turned to the items of local interest to see if by chance I could find any news of some of my old friends.

Sure enough—There I read that Bob Muzzy had grown so large from eating grape-nuts that he felt embarrassed every time he went into a telephone booth. Further on I saw that Mary Pepper was working for the weather bureau analyzing the four seasons,—salt, sugar, mustard, and catsup. In another column I found that Dorothy Stewart and Marion Rimmele had left their positions as telephone operators to work as seamstresses in the gown shop of Patten and Patten. Down in a corner of the page I noticed an advertisement which stated that Ruth Storer and Rita Halleran solicited pupils to attend their combined dancing and physical culture classes. Another ad informed me that Nathan Canter, a prosperous customs tailor, wanted three or four young women to sew buttons on the first floor of the Mercantile building. A few pages further on the glaring type informed me that, after years of courtship, Ed Moran and Ruth Holmes had been united in marriage by the Reverend Charles E. Chase; Evelyn Thompson and Edith Swanson being the attendants.

After thoroughly perusing Norman Goodell's page of comic cartoons I re-

membered my theatre engagement with Bill Bailey. So I took my leave of Ture and his hustling group of assistants and started for the federal building.

I had not gone far before I came to the pitiful sight of a poor fellow swathed in bandages and surgeons plaster, hobbling along with the aid of a crutch. I stopped to give the miserable creature my sympathy and to my great surprise learned by asking that he was Fred Ellis. I asked him if he had taken the number of the truck. He turned towards me and said with scorn that it was no truck—but that he had just been for a treatment from Margaret Curry, eminent osteopath.

I soon reached my destination, met Bill, and started for the theatre. As we passed a tall office building, my companion asked me to wait for him, as he was going to leave his will with the Honorable Misses Robbins and O'Malley, the squarest and most expensive lawyers in the state.

While I was waiting for him to come out, a young lady rushed past me. I stopped her in her mad rush, however, and found that she was Lillian McCullough. She was rushing home with a bottle of iodine as Dick Clark, her husband, had been severely bitten when he sat on his false teeth.

Bill then came out of the office building and we continued to the theatre, meeting on the way, George Lally leading a mule. He said it was the only thing left in life he could get a kick out of. Arriving at the theatre we bought our tickets from a dark-eyed lass who was none other than Alice David.

We arrived at our seats just in time to see the end of the news reel. The bright face of Bud Jolly beamed at us from the silver screen. He had become famous by finding out what became of Sally. After a few moments delay the first vaudeville act came on, in which Catherine Bigham and Marion Andrews gave an exhibition of jiu jitsu as a self defense by throwing Walter Tracy around the stage. He seemed to like it, however.

At this time I was annoyed by a terrific cracking and grinding sound. I looked around and found that a group of young ladies behind me, consisting of Dorothy Hunt, Sibyl Warren, Ruth Robichaud and Helen Pedrick, were busily engaged in eating peanuts. After the noise subsided I turned to watch the second act. Evelyn Goodale, Cecile Parker, and Arline Taft were bringing back the memory of old times by giving a few Hawaiian dances. Jimmie Lowell helped the girls out by twanging one of those famous Hawaiian harps, the ukulele.

After a few more acts the house lights were turned on and George Morris the proprietor, stepped on to the platform, stating briefly that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the poor actors and their children. As the ushers passed through the audience I heard a commotion. On turning I found that William McLaughlin had put a button into the collection box. He accounted for it by saying that it might help to clothe one of the poor actor's children. Nevertheless his generosity was not appreciated.

In the feature film Francis Logan, the great director, presented Christine Blaisdelle, the beautiful movie queen, in a heart-rending super-production. She was supported by a cast of celebrities including Marion Greene, Thelma Fourcy, Ruth Coffin, Elmer Vincent, and Idelle Worthington, the famous comedian. They had all attained stardom by being prize winners in cross-word puzzle contests.

Being surprised at not finding names of either Emily County or Mildred Warner among the dramatis-personae, I asked Bill what had become of them. He answered me by saying that they were conducting a very select school of elocution and dramatics.

On leaving the theatre with Bill I went out into the brightly illuminated street surprised to find that it was night. The pangs of hunger were gnawing, so I asked my friend where I could find a good hotel, in which I could eat and spend the night. He informed me that Aiken and Mattson, architects of renown, had just completed a model hotel for Elna Paterson, a wealthy widow. I decided to spend the night there so he directed me to this hotel. After bidding Bill good-night I entered.

I was surprised to find Annunciata Viscoghisi at the desk. She greeted me and asked me to autograph the register. An attentive bell-hop, who was Byron

Pierce, led me to my room and waited so long for a tip that I was obliged to throw him out.

I had barely got settled in my room when the noise of a great confusion arose from the street. Not wanting to miss anything I went out and followed a torch-light parade to a huge square. The cause of the excitement was a double ceremony. First a huge statue of a Greek god, dedicated to art, was unveiled. The bronze plate at its base explained that Dorothy Munster, famous sculptress, had hewn the image from solid marble, using Walter Brinn as a model. The second part of the ceremony was an honorary presentation in which Martha Robinson, Marguerite Mochard, Florence Wheeler, and Helen Lindberg, leaders of the Girl Scout movement in Olympia, presented Willard Mosher with an honorary membership for his heroic work in rescuing Pearl Neal from the path of a steam-roller which Si Crowe was driving at the speed of an express train.

I returned to the hotel and went to bed. I was soon awakened, however, by the noise of what seemed to be a riveting machine. I looked out into the hall and found that it was only Winn Phelps, another bell-boy, winding his watch. He said that he was carrying his watch in his hip pocket so that he would not be behind time.

The next morning I was aroused by a loud knocking on the door. I cautiously opened it a few inches and saw that it was Pearl Terrell, a chamber-maid. She had come up to inform me that a taxi was awaiting me. I asked her who sent it, but she went off without answering me. I dressed quickly and after a hurried breakfast went out. As I stepped out of the door I was nearly knocked down by a man running as fast as he could go and carrying a small rug. He stopped and as I saw that he was Harold Hentzi I asked him where was he rushing. He explained that he was doing odd jobs when Emma Thomas gave him a rug, and told him to beat it—That's what he was doing.

I then jumped into the taxi which was driven by none other than Norwell Hornbeck. We darted down the street at a terrific speed, while I wondered where he could be taking me. We were held up for half an hour at a corner while Clifford Blomberg, the traffic officer, was helping Doris Crimmins catch her pet window mop, an elusive little Pomeranian. After several delays we arrived at a large, white building. I entered and found that practically all of my old classmates had arrived there before me.

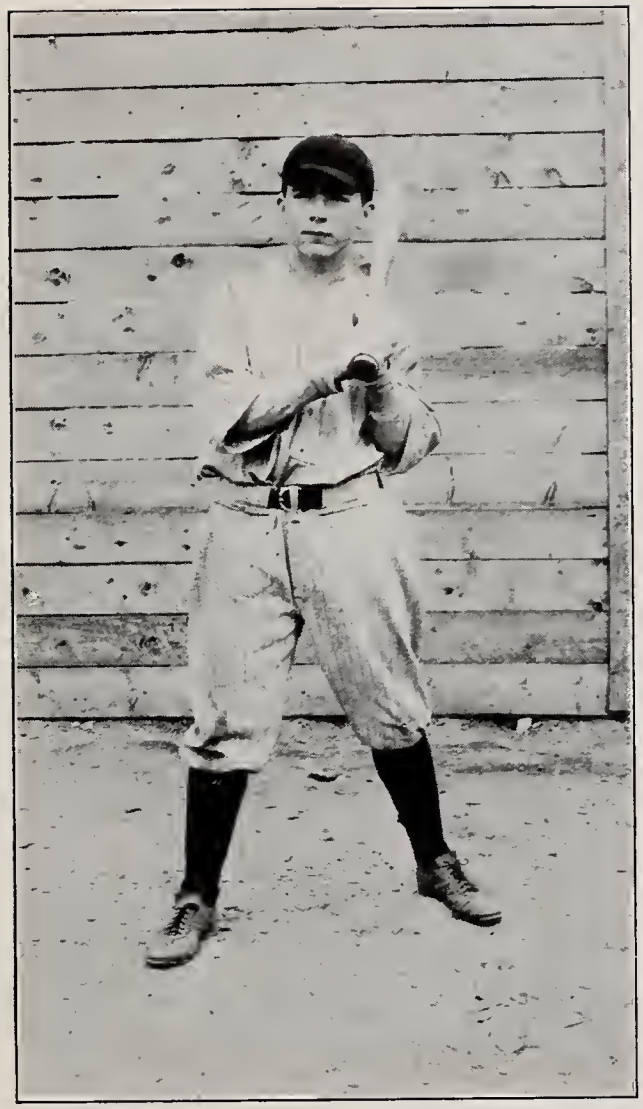
They seemed to be holding some sort of an election for such civic officials, as Leslie Baxter, Verna Clark and Eva Burnham, were passing out and collecting small slips of paper; while Marion Smith, Laura Palmer and Isabel Kempton were assorting and counting them. Finally I was led to the platform where Arthur Read addressed the assembly, as he used to in high school, with silver tongued oratory.

He told how Arthur Burke and George Fox, the eminent scientists, had discovered how to reverse the experiment that had brought me to Olympia. Furthermore, he said that as I had only recently come to this new world, and as they were perfectly satisfied to remain, they had, after careful deliberation, decided that, as it was of vital importance to the future of Olympia, I should be used to prove the practiability of the experiment. As I had no other choice I received my instructions. I was to be sent back to Earth.

Without further delay we all left the city by means of aeroplanes and soon after passing over mountains and fields, arrived at the cabin I had come there in. Near the cabin a strange apparatus was set up and John Small and Arthur Holbrook stood by several peculiar looking levers. As I stood on the steps a committee consisting of Helen Hardy and Rebecca Sherman, with due ceremony, came forward and presented me with a large, carefully planned map of Olympia. After saying good-bye to my friends, I then entered the cabin, sat down by the radio and closed my eyes.

There was a loud snap, a wind blew across my face, I heard a throbbing hum, and felt a sensation of great suspense. Then there was a slight jolt. On opening my eyes I found that the cabin was again on the little island in the Pacific ocean.

I remembered the map, but on looking down found only the old copy of the Mirror.



JOE O DEA, *Captain*

ARTHUR READ, *Captain*

GIRLS FEILD HOCKEY TEAM

BASEBALL TEAM

FOOTBALL TEAM

Statistics of the Class of 1925

Name, Quotation, Activities in High School and Intentions

COLLEGE PREPARATORY

Beatrice Annis, "Bea"
—"nor gives her tongue one moment's rest.—"
Basket Ball 2, Senior Picture Committee
Committee on Class Colors and Motto
Katherine Gibbs School

Margaret Lucile Cataldo, "Peg"
"As merry as the day is long.—"
Literary Editor of Mirror 2, 3
Orchestra 1, 2, 3. Glee Club 2, 3
Katherine Gibbs School

Helen Frances Hardy
"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike, and like the sun, they shine on all alike."
Vice-President 1, Glee Club 1, 2, 3, Basket Ball 1, 2, 3; Chairman of Committee on Class Colors and Motto. Senior Dance Committee, Senior Picture Committee, School Meet 1, 2, 3; Literary Editor of Mirror 2, 3; Chairman of Committee on Graduation Roses.
Chandler Secretarial School.

Ruth B. James, "Jimmie"
"Calmness is not always the attribute of innocence."
Basket Ball 3, School Meet 1, 2. Girls' Athletic Editor of Mirror 2, 3. Senior Play Committee.
Mount Holyoke.

Esther Coffin Kimball
"Wisdom is better than rubies."—
Exchange Editor of Mirror 2, 3. Glee Club 1, 2, 3.
Simmons.

Louise Grace McCullough, "Mac"
"Untied unto the world by care."—
P. A. L. of Boston University.

Anna Dorothy Murphy
"Our thoughts and our conducts are our own."—
Orchestra 2, 3. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Mirror, Contributing Editor.
Boston University, Liberal Arts.

Martha M. Robinson
"Of two evils, choose the prettier."—
Basket Ball 1, 2, 3. Hockey 3. Glee Club 1. Varsity Basket Ball 3. School Meet 1, 2, 3.
Bishop Hopkins Hall.

William Eugene Bailey, "Bill"
"His actions speak louder than my pen."—
Chairman of Class Gift Committee, Glee Club 3.
Wesleyan University.

Philip Wilmot Baine, "Phil"
"Sport, that wrinkled Care derides."—
Senior Dance Committee.
Norwich University.

MISCELLANEOUS

Saro A. Campisi
"A man is but what he knoweth."
Literary Editor of Mirror 2, 3. Member of Cast in Senior Play. Chairman of Thanksgiving Day Exercises 3.
Senior Play Committee.
Huntington Preparatory.

Nathan David Canter
"It is better to wear out than rust out."
Baseball 1, 2, 3.

Gerald Albertina Evans, "Jerry."
"All nature wears one universal grin."
Football Manager 2, 3. Literary Editor of Mirror 2, 3. Chairman of Senior Picture Committee. Chairman of Senior Social Committee. Class Prophet.
Tufts Pre-Dental.

James F. Lowell, "Jim"
"Ye come late; yet ye come." —

Robert Clifford Orr, "Cliff"
"Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel."

Robert B. Pitcher, "Bob"
"It matters not how long we live, but how."—
Class reporter 2, 3. Junior Prom. Committee; Prize for Mirror; Manager of Baseball 2, 3.
Harvard.

Raymond J. Tierney, "Ray."
"Laugh and the world laughs with you."—
Huntington Preparatory.

Helen Louise Wilbur, "Louie"
"To know her, is to love her."—
Senior Class Social
Senior Gift Committee
Wheaton College.

TECHNICAL DIVISION

Roy C. Aiken, "Roy"
"Lord of himself, though not of lands."

Walter Marsh Brown, "Brownie"
"The man that loves and laughs must sure do well."—
School Orchestra 2.
Boston University.

Charles D. Cahill, "Charlie"
"Actions speak louder than words."—
Chairman of Junior Prom. Chairman of Senior Dance. Basket Ball Manager 2.
Mercerburg Academy.

Richard Partridge Clark, "Dick"
"The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do."—
School Orchestra 2, 3.
Norwich University.

Edward Walker Collins, "Eddie"
"Fighting for his country."—
Athletic Editor of Mirror. Auditor 2.
Mercerburg Academy.

Philip Dubin, "Phil"
"Real happiness is deep enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit."—
Massachusetts School of Pharmacy.

George Newton Hatfield, "Newt"
"Studious let me sit."—
Member of Cast of Senior Play.
Northeaster University.

Newell Chase Havener, "Eskie"
"Great oaks from little acorns grow."—
Northeastern University.

Dorman Chase Hayes, "Chestie"
"Push on—keep moving."—
Tufts College.

Harold Charles Hentzi, "Hentzi"
"A gentleman makes no noise."

Arthur Edward Jolly, "Bud"
"Sweet is revenge, especially to women."—
Manager of Basket Ball Team 3. Senior Social Committee.

Carl W. Kearsley, "Dago"
"He was so generally civil, that nobody thanked him for it."—
Ture Lundell, "Ture"
"None but him can be his parallel."—
Chairman of Senior Play Committee. Editor-in-chief of Mirror.
Massachusetts Institution of Technology.

Paul Edward Linthwaite, "Palo"
"Thou little thinkest and less dost know."—
Cast of Senior Play.
Northeastern University.

Charles Victor Mann, "Mouse"
"Many receive advice, only the wise profit by it."—
Harvard.

George Frederick Marshall, "Mike"
"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."—
University of New Hampshire.

Frank David Mattson, "Frankie"
"One never becomes a gentleman by accident."—
Northeastern University.

George H. Morris, "Georgie"
"He loves 'em all."—
Northeastern University.

Willard Chandler Mosher, "Moses"
"Tranquill people accomplish much."—
Boston University.

Donald Smith Pattershall, "Don"
"Lazyman of Roberts."—
Football team 2, 3.

Byron H. Pierce, "By"
"As good be out of the world as be out of fashion."—
Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Walter B. Pierce, "Squeak"
"Good humor is always a success."—
Senior Class Gift Committee, Senior Class Social. Auditor 3. Business Manager of Mirror.
University of New Hampshire.

Kingman Smith, "Pete"
"A face with gladness overspread."—
Cheer leader in Football.
Northeastern University.

Milton Sherman Stinehour, Jr., "Lakeview"
"Yet doth he live!"—

Philip L. Warren
"It takes a wise man to discover a wise man."—
Football manager 3. Secretary Treas-

urer 3, Tennis manager 3, Senior Picture Committee.
Tufts College.

Orin Winn, "Duntie"
"A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning to break a heart."
Member of the Senior Play Cast.

NORMAL PREPARATORY

Leslie E. Baxter, "Ditto"
"He is well paid that is well satisfied."
Glee Club 3.
Hairdressing.

Ruth Eilleen Coffin, "Billy"
"Unto thyself be true."—
Hairdressing.

Emily County, "Em'ly"
Ambition is no cure for love!"—
Secretary-Treasurer 1, 2. Senior Play. Senior Social Committee. Mirror Literary Editor.
Emerson College of Oratory.

Margaret M. Curry, "Peg"
"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white natures' own sweet and cunning hand laid on."
Vice-President 2, 3. Senior Play. Junior Prom Committee. Class Social Committee 1, 2,. Senior Dance Committee. Senior Play Committee.
Emerson College of Oratory.

Alice B. David, "Al"
"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."
Lasell Seminary.

Doris Elva Dickey, "Dicky"
"The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin'."—
Committee for Senior picnic. Statistics for the Mirror. Committee for graduation roses.
Framingham Normal School.

Marion Helen Greene, "Bobby"
"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes."—
Glee Club 1. Contributed to Mirror.
Massachusetts Normal Art.

Helen M. Lindberg, "Cheesey"
"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."—
Glee Club 1, 2. Decorating committee for graduation 1, 2.
Massachusetts School of Art.

Lillian C. McCullough, "Bobbie"
"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

Ruth D. Mace, "Macie"
"Life lives only in success."
Orchestra 1, 2. Glee Club 2. Senior Play.
Leland Powers.

Marguerite L. Moschard, "Cubby"
"In framing an artist, art hath decreed, to make some good, but others to exceed."—
Committee for Graduation Decorations 1, 2. Junior Prom. Committee. Glee Club 1. School meet 1, 2. Basketball 1, 2, 3, Varsity 3. Hockey 3. Poster Contest 2, 3.
Massachusetts School of Art.

Pearl Neal, "Buddy"
"Mischief thou art afoot."—
Glee Club 1, 2, 3. School meet 1, 2. Committee for Senior picnic.
Massachusetts Normal Art School.

Elna J. Petterson, "Pete"
"O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."
Basketball 1, 2, 3, Varsity Captain 3. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Hockey 3. School meet 1, 2, 3.
Boston School of Physical Education.

Ruth E. Robichaud, "Robie"
"She trudged along unknowing what she sought, and whistled as she went for want of thought."
Massachusetts Normal Art School.

Dorothy I. Smith, "Dottie"
"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."—
Mirror Reporter 1, 2, 3. Mirror Literary Editor 2, 3. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Senior Play. Junior Prom. Committee. Poster Contest. Decorating Committee for graduation 1, 2.
Massachusetts School of Art.

Marion Howard Smith, "Smitty"
"And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke."
Waltham Training School for Nurses.

Dorothy Margaret Stewart, "Dot"
"True as the dial to the sun
Although it be not shined upon."—
Glee Club 2, 3. Basketball 2, 3.
Framingham Normal School.

Emma Mildred Thomas, "Tommy"
"Go—let thy less than woman's hand assume the distaff—not the brand."—
Newton Training School for Nurses.

Doris Alma Thompson, "Dot"
"I would make reason my guide."—
Glee Club 2.
Framingham Normal School.

Stacia Ruth Vallely, "Sta"
"Variety's the very spice of life."—
Glee Club 1.
Framingham Normal School.

Sibyl Eleanor Warren, "Sib"
"One thing is forever good—Success."
Glee Club 1, 2.
Basketball 2, 3.
Worcester Normal School.

Alice Louise Wayland
"Happy light and gay."—
Glee Club 1, 2.

Mildred Lame Warner, "Billie"
"Be to her virtues very kind, be to her faults a little blind."—
Glee Club 1, 2, 3. School Meet 3. Social Committee 1. Decorating Committee for Graduation 1, 2.
Vesper George School of Art.

COMMERCIAL

Clara Bagley, "Bobbie"
"And I don't mean maybe."—
Mariage soon.

Eva Rebecca Beaman
"I never have sought the world; the world was not to seek me."—

Margaret M. Burns, "Peg"
"Be merry, if you are wise."—
Assistant Dentist.

Helen Velma Chandler
"To friendship, every burden's light."
Consolidated Gas Co. Office.

Verna B. Clark, "Blusher"
"A moderate pace for a long race."—

Doris G. Crimmen, "Darkie"
"Sit up straight, Ruth!"—
Kindergarten Teacher.

Dorothy Laura De Lesdernier, "Dot"
"To be strong, is to be happy."—
Chandler School.

Edith Gertrude Edgecomb, "Eddie"
"The only way to have a friend is to be one."—

Evelyn Louise Goodale, "Evie"
"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."—
Glee Club 1, 2, 3.
National Bank.

Dorothy Hancock Hunt, "Dot"
"Honor lies in honest toil."—
Work.

Ruth Evelyn Holmes, "Ruthie"
"She has a heart with room for every joy."—
Reporter for Mirror.
Marriage.

Doris Elaine Johnson, "Johnnie"
"Tie all thy cares up."—
Burdett's

Isabel D. Kempton, "Izzy"
"The end must justify the means."—

Ethelyn J. Nolan
"Content to follow when we lead the way."—
Normal Art.

Anna Elta O'Brien
"A man may kiss a loving lass,
And aye be welcomed back again."—
Waltham Training School for Nurses.

Helen Mae O'Malley
"That load becomes light which is cheerfully borne."—
Work.

Laura E. Palmer, "Lolly"
"Gentle in manner, firm in reality."—
Work.

Cecile A. Parker, "Toots"
"I care for nobody,, no, not I,
If no one cares for me."—

Alice G. Patten, "Pat"
"Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives."—

Ruth I. Patten
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."—

Helen Marie Pedrick
"One ear it heard, at the other out it went."—
Household Arts.

Mary I. Pepper, "Peanut"
"This is a good 'season'."—
Dancing Classes.

Arline Maude Robbins
"Happiness seems made to be shared."
P. A. L. of Boston University.

M. Rebecca Sherman, "Becky"
"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all."—
Senior Dance Committee.
Undecided.

Ruth Emily Storer, "Hockey"
"Is always happy, reign, whoever may,
And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away."—
Class Historian, Reporter for Mirror.
Barber.

Edith A. M. Swanson, "Gloria"
"And good luck go with thee." —

Leslie Ogden Talbot, "Les"
"Life's a joke to laugh at."—
Hairdressing.

Pearl Evelyn Terrell
"We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade."—
Work.

Evelyn Mary Thompson, "Evie"
"What is mind? No matter.
What is matter? Never mind."—
Reporter for Mirror.
Waltham Training School for Nurses.

Annunciota Viscogllosi
"Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend."—

James Garfield Anderson, Jr., "Gar"
"Man is man and master of his fate."—
Work in bank.

Arthur G. Burke, "Burkie"
"He was indeed the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."—
Member of Senior Play Cast.
Golf Instructor.

Albert H. Contant, "Al"
"And leave us leisure to be good."—
Captain of Golf Team.
Work in Navy Yard.

Dennis Joseph Cronin, "Dinny"
"'Tis not the whole of life to live nor all of death to die."—
Business.

Simon Crowe, "Si"
"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."—
Football 3.
Office work with Totten's Ice Co.

Clarence G. Isaacson, "Ike"
"To get thy ends, lay bashfulness aside."—
Druggist.

Walter Johansen, "Fritz"
"And wheresoever thou move, good luck
Shall fling her old shoe after."—
Real Estate Business.

Herbert Walter Johnson, "Swede"
"When taken to be well shaken."
Pharmacist.

Francis William Logan, "Bart"
"Happy thou art as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."—
Salesman

Milford MacCleave, "Mac"
"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every Grin, so merry, draws one out."—
Football 1, 2, 3.
Boxer (not an undertaker).

Roy Hodgson, "Roy"
"A man of courage is also full of Faith."
Football 1, 2, 3. Baseball 1.

William Patrick McLaughlin, "Micky"
"Life is not measured by the time we live."
Attend an Advertising and Drawing School.

Alton E. March, "Rolo"
"My only books were women's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me."—
Basketball 1, 2, 3.
National Bank.

Carl Leslie Mullen, "Puna"
"Mischief, thou art afoot."—
Attend Law School.

Arthur E. Read, "Artsie"
"He who has a thousand friends and not a friend to spare."—
Class President 1, 2, 3. Captain football 3, Football 1, 2, 3, Basket ball 1, 3.

Bernard Wolf, "Oscar"
"Everything comes if a man will only wait."—
C. B. A. of Boston University.

Christine E. Blaisdell, "Chris"
"Women know not the whole of their coquetry."—
Uncertain.

Edith Leona Clifton, "Edie"
"And grace that won who saw to wish her stay."—
Bradford Academy, Haverhill.

Elma Winnifred Davis
"O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear."—
Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Senior Social Committee.
Framingham Normal.

Bernice C. Glycart, "Bernie"
"What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair."—
Hairdressing.

Lillian Mae Grieg, "Bobbie"
"When change itself can give no more, 'Tis easy to be true."—
Glee Club 1.
Chandler Secretarial School, Boston.

Dorothy C. Munster, "Scottie"
"Come and trip it as ye go, On the light fantastic toe."—
Glee Club 1, 2; Printed athletic certificates.
Boston Normal Art.

Bertha C. Pollay, "Bert"
"Fancy light from fancy caught."—
Uncertain.

Florence E. Wheeler, "Jibby"
"A true friend—forever a friend."—
Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Class basketball team 1, 2, 3; Varsity Basketball team 3; School meet 1, 2; Varsity Hockey team 3; Senior Play Cast; Chairman of Junior Red Cross committee 3; Member of Junior Social committee; Junior Prom committee; Senior Play committee; Senior Dance committee.
Framingham Normal.
Boston University.

Walter Eugene Brinn Jr., "Frenchie"
"He seems to be a man sprung from himself."—
Football 1, 2, 3; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Captain of basketball 3; Athletic Representative 1, 2; Alternate 3.

George Gordon Fox, "Sweetheart"
"A bold bad man."—
Boston University.

George Matthew Lally, "Lal"
"A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the wisest men."—
Baseball 1, 2; Senior Play; Senior Dance committee; Junior social committee.
Lead a life of leisure.

Edwin Charles Moran, "Eddie"
"All mankind love a lover."—
Baseball 1, 2, 3; Football 1, 2; Chairman Sophomore Social; Chairman Junior Social; Junior Prom committee; Senior Play; Athletic representative 1, 2.
Enter business.

Joseph O'Dea, "Joe"
"A college joke to cure the dumps."—
Baseball 1, 2, 3; Captain of baseball 3; Football 3; Hockey 3.
Clark Prep School, Hanover, N. H.

Winthrop Phelps, "Winnie" or "Nigger"
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."—
Uncertain.

Walter Tracy, "Rah"
"The lion is not so fierce as they paint him."—
Football 1, 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3; Hockey 3; Chosen most valuable football player 3.
Clark Prep School, Hanover, N. H.

Frederick Z. Ellis, "Hobo"
"Labor bestowed on trifles is silly."—

Marion Andrews, "Andy"
"Nothing endures but personal qualities."—
Varsity Hockey Team 3; Varsity Basketball 3; Class Basket Ball 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Senior Play Candy committee 3; Cheer leader 3; School Meet 1, 2.

Marion Rimmelle, "Tiny"
"A soft answer turneth away wrath."—
Student 1, 2, 3.
Manual Arts for Girls.

Catherine Bigham, "Bunny"
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil."—
Athletic Representative 3; Varsity Hockey Team 3; Varsity Basketball Team 3; Class Basketball team 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Senior Play Candy committee 3; Cheer Leader 3; School Meet 1, 2.
B. S. P. E. Gym School.

Olive Jaynes, "Ollie"
"Thou hast, for weary feet, the gift of rest."—
Kindergarten Teacher.

Thelma Fourcey, "Joe"
"Every human heart is human."—
Uncertain.

Clifford Blomberg, 'Blondy"
"There is none so blind as they that won't see."—
Manual Arts for Boys.

Charles E. Chase, "Reverend"
"There goes the parson, the illustrious spark!"—

Edward R. Donahue, "Bud"
"Things forbidden have a sweet charm."—
Football.

Rollin J. Fernald, "Hock"
"Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall."—

Normal E. Goodell, "Uncle"
'I am here, here I remain."—

Thorning W. Hardy, "Bones"
"Far from the gay cities, and the ways of men."—

Arthur L. Holbrook, "Dizzy"
"It has been the providence of nature to give his cat nine lives instead of one."
Orchestra 1, 2.

Norwell E. Hornbeck, "Peiker"
"He is not in the roll of common men."

Eric J. Isaacson, "Skinny"
"His appetite comes to him while eating."—

Frederick Nies, Jr., "Junie"
"Thy fair hair our hearts enchained."—

John Roy Petrie, "Pete"
"He deserves praise who does not what he may, but what he ought."—

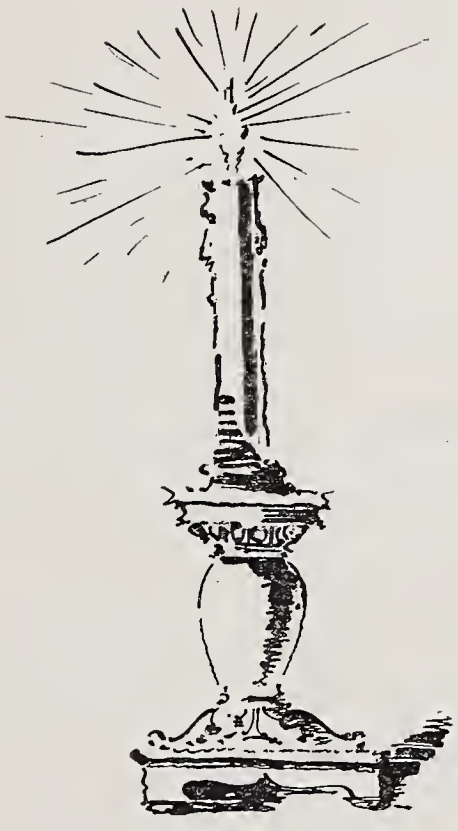
Joseph Albert Rudden, "Al"
"Speech is silver, silence is golden."—

John C. Small, 'Connie"
"Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead."—
Hockey 3.

Elmer Harold Vincent, "Tuggles"
"Who does not love wine, women, and song, Remains a fool his whole life long."
Football 3, Baseball 2, 3.

Clarence Warner Wheeler, "Butts"
"The more haste, ever the worst speed."—

Idelle W. Worthington, "Honey"
"The next way home's the farthest way about."—



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